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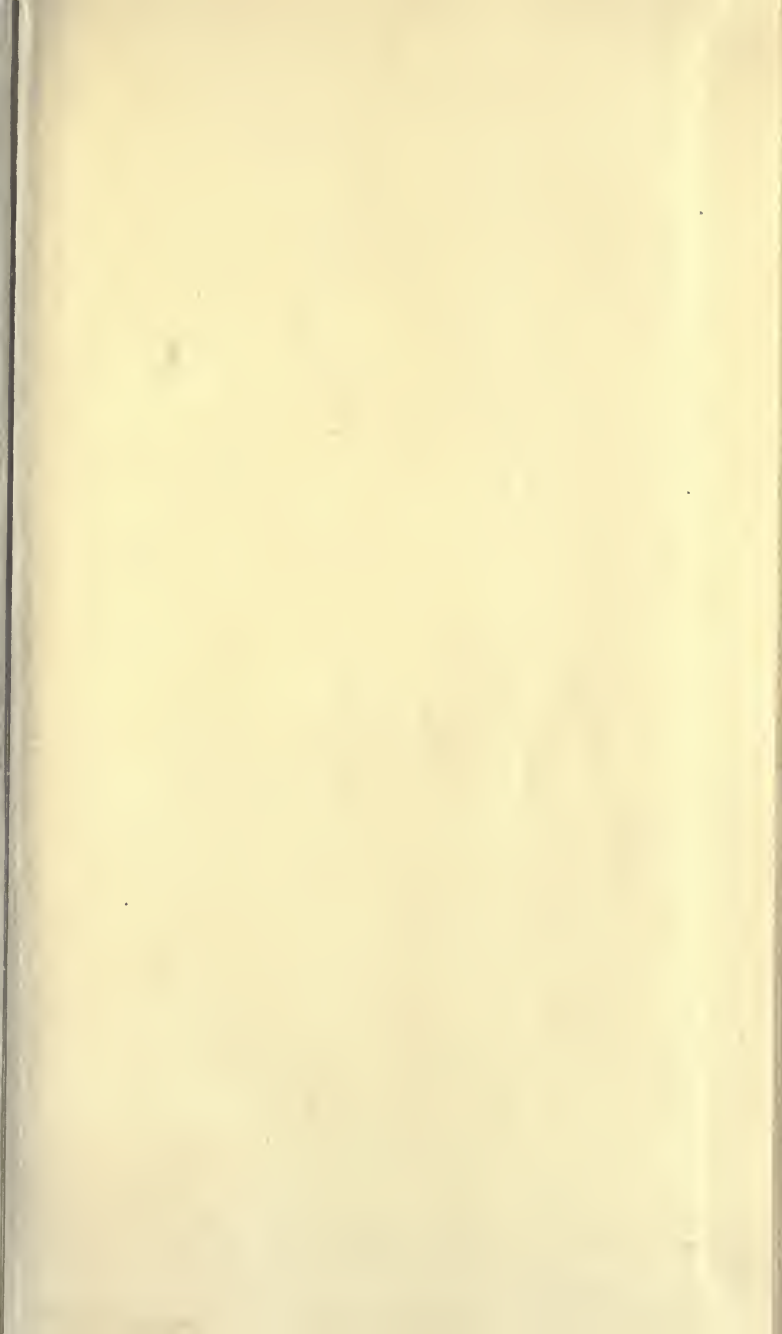


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R E L I G I O U S.

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By JANE CAVE.

---

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To the SUBSCRIBERS.

**Y**E gen'rous patrons of a female's muse,  
Ere you my works with studious eye  
peruse,  
My pen would first in humble strains impart  
The genuine dictates of a grateful heart :  
Thanks to my friends—and should my labours  
please,  
Crown'd are my wishes, and my heart's at ease;  
My time improv'd, my musing hours well spent,  
If these conspire to give my friends content :  
But \* Seward, Steele, or Moore, hope not to  
see,  
With gentle candour read the Author's Plea.†

\* Celebrated Poetesses.—† The first Poem.



TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

It is with much satisfaction that I find  
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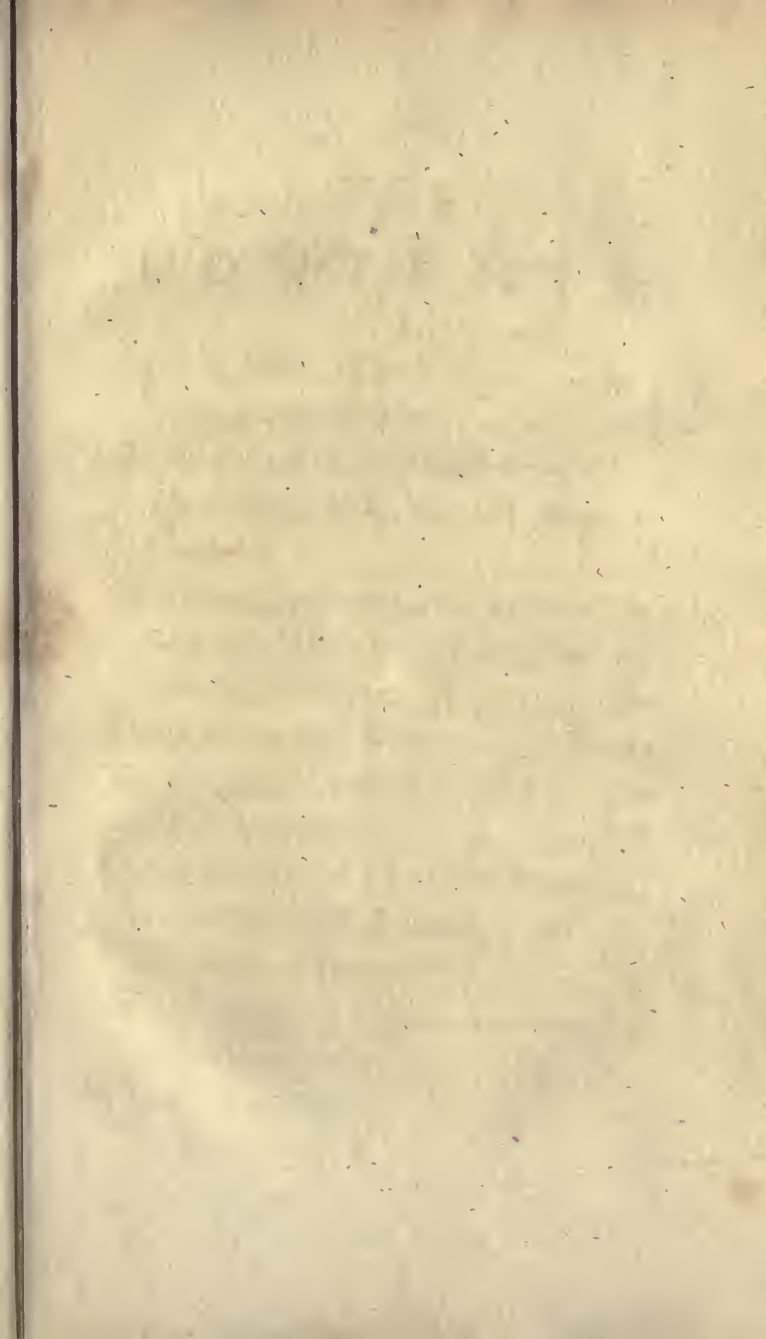
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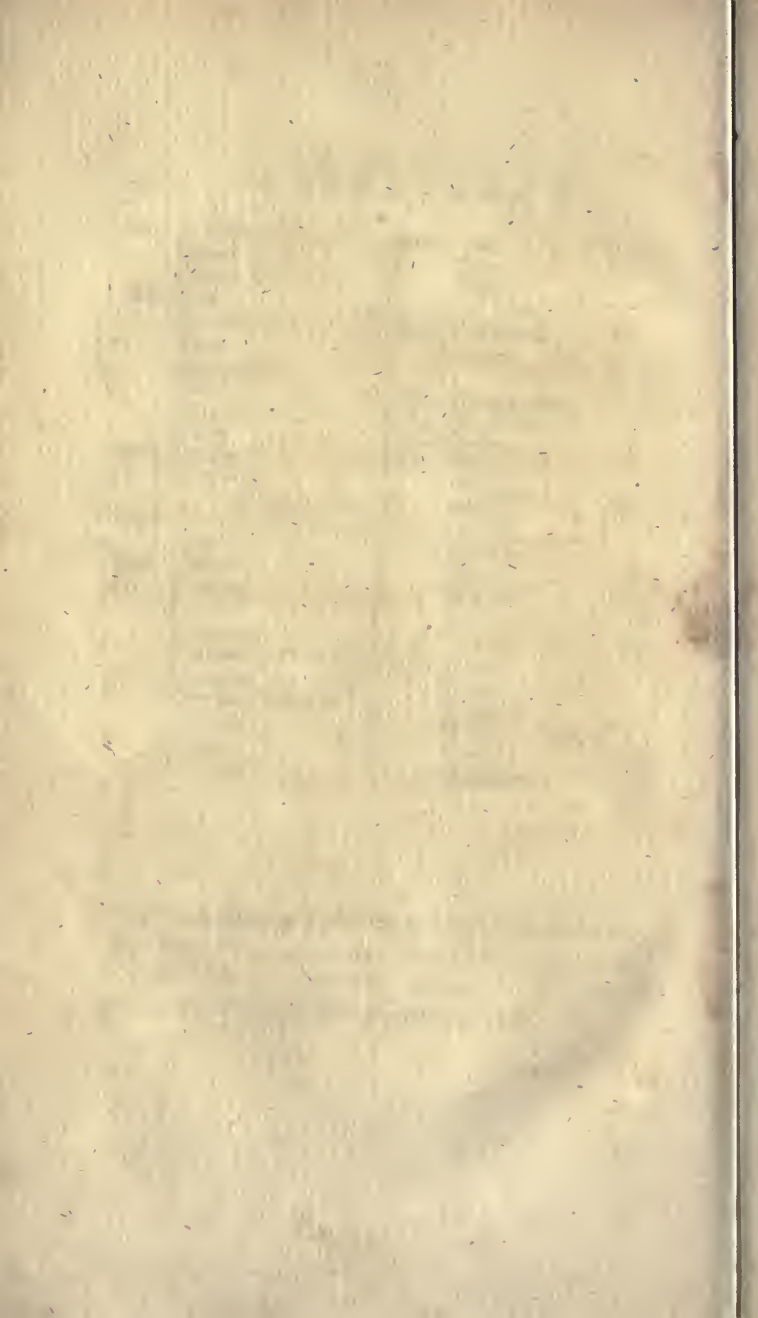
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# THE CONTENTS.

THE Author's Plea	1
On Love and Wine	6
On the Parting of the Miss B——s, of Winchester, with Mr. and Mrs. G——n	8
To a young Gentleman, who presented the Author with a Poem in commen- dation of her singing	10
Extempore on Miss Organ	13
The Woman's Ornament	14
Credulia's Complaint	18
On the Marriage of a Lady, to whom the Author was Bride-Maid	21
From Eusebia to Fidelio	25
On the Marriage of Captain A——— to Miss R———	29
A Letter to an Aunt	34
A	On

Another Hymn	108
On the first General Fast after the Com- mencement of the late War	111
Lines composed instantaneously, at the Request of a Company of gay Ladies	114
On profane Cursing and Swearing	116
On the Departure of six Missionaries to America	118
On hearing the Tolling of a Bell	121
An Hymn for Consecration	130
An Hymn for Christmas	132
On the General Fast, Feb. 8, 1782	135
On hearing the Rev. Mr. B——, from Psalm 65, 2	138
Ingratitude	146
An Hymn for a Child who has lost its Father and Mother	147
Love, the Effence of Religion	149

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# P O E M S

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

---

## The AUTHOR'S PLEA.

**W**HO with a Critic's eye this book  
 runs o'er,  
 Detects perhaps, a thousand faults, and more,  
 Impartially the Author's plea must hear,  
 And then perhaps will cease to be severe.

When reason first adorn'd my infant mind,  
 To books and poetry my heart inclin'd,

B

And

And as my years advanc'd, the passion  
grew,

And fair ideas round my fancy flew.

The Muses seem'd to court me for their  
friend,

But Fortune would not to their suit attend;

She understood who proper subjects were,

To hold a converse with these airy fair,

Must be possess'd at least of independence,

That to the Muses they may give at-  
tendance,

By books and study fructify the mind,

And lead the genius where it was inclin'd.

The inauspicious Dame deny'd that I,

Should thus, where Nature's self inclin'd,  
apply;

For she perceiv'd, I did the Muse befriend,

And could my days in contemplation spend,

Yet

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 3

Yet so contracted, circumscrib'd my line,  
I paus'd—if to discard the tuneful Nine.

Now duty calls my thoughts a different  
way ;

Justice enjoins ; I must her call obey.

So when the Muses come on anxious wing,

Some pleasing subject to my fancy bring,

I bid them fly where peaceful leisure rests,

I have no time to entertain such guests.

They oft affect a deafness, draw more near,

Declare that they can no repulses bear,

Demand admittance, vow they are inclin'd,

To stay till they imprint it on my mind.

Sometimes they are less bold, more shyly  
come,

And with indiff'rence ask if I'm at home.



If duty will admit, I ask them in,  
When some engaging converse they begin;  
But ere, perhaps, the conversation's o'er,  
Duty commands that we converse no more.  
Now Duty's call, I never must refuse,  
I rise,—and with a blush myself excuse;  
Tell them I must withdraw a while, and  
when  
Duty admits, I will return again.  
Sometimes till I return, they deign to stay,  
Sometimes they take offence, and fly  
away,  
And never on that subject visit more,  
But bid me Fate's contracted hand deplore.

Thus, what the Author to the World  
presents,  
Appears through numberless impediments;  
And



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 5

And what of praise, or of dispraise you view,  
To Nature and the Muse is wholly due;  
This, she presumes, will candid minds  
suffice,  
And for her each defect apologize.



## ON LOVE and WINE.

Written by Desire of P. G. Esq. of

WINCHESTER.

COME, descend ye gentle Nine !  
Be Cupid too and Venus there ;  
When I sing of Love and Wine,  
Let Bacchus to my song repair.

Love, of ev'ry theme the best ;  
Where this celestial passion reigns,  
Oh ! the house, the heart, how blest,  
Silken bands are Hymen's chains !

Love will ev'ry fault conceal,  
And kindly each defect pass o'er ;  
Generously each good reveal,  
And the minutest grace explore.

Those

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 7

Those who wed for nought but gold,  
As well may marble rocks unite;  
In their flinty cliffs enfold,  
And know Love's rapt'rous soft delight.

But when hands in wedlock join,  
And their twin'd hearts unite in Love;  
Peace is their's, and joys divine,  
Next to those which reign above.

And should more auspicious fate  
Bestow another blessing still;  
Deign our comforts to compleat,  
Our boards with Wine and Plenty fill.

Wine will chear the languid heart,  
And Love each angry thought controul  
All that Nature asks, impart,  
And fill with Paradise the Soul.

Written

Written by the Desire of the Miss B——s,  
 of WINCHESTER, on their parting with  
 Mr. and Mrs. G——N.

**A**H! gloomy, inauspicious day,  
 Which ~~tears~~<sup>cares</sup> our charming friends  
 away,  
 Which bids us from our G——N part,  
 And stamps their absence on our heart!  
 Let clouds and darkness veil the sky,  
 And tears descend from ev'ry eye.

Adieu ye lovely happy pair,  
 Who all the social comforts share;  
 Love, joy, and calm tranquillity,  
 Compose your blest society.

With

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 9

With you what happy hours we've spent,  
In pleasure, mirth, and sweet content.  
Alas ! those pleasing days are o'er,  
And you the B——s blefs no more.

But abſence ſhall not damp our flame,  
Friendſhip's pure lamp ſhall burn the ſame;  
And while we have an ear to hear,  
The name of G——n ſhall be dear.



To



To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN who presented  
the Author with a Poem, in Commen-  
dation of her Singing.

**C**OULD I, arch youth, your flatt'ring  
lines believe;  
Were not your sex too subject to deceive,  
I, like a credulous, unthinking maid,  
Might be to thoughts of vanity betray'd;  
But, conscious my dull pipe no merit  
claims,  
My soul, like a stern oak, unmov'd re-  
mains.

Were I assur'd that what those lines im-  
part,  
Was quite the genuine language of your  
heart,

It



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 11

It surely would demonstrate a defect,  
Which in my friend I wish not to detect.  
Your sense and judgment 'twould at once  
decry,

And prove you praise you know not what,  
nor why.

But I esteem your sense and penetration,  
And thus conclude, from that consideration,  
That all th' encomiums you on me bestow,  
I, to your skill in irony must owe;  
Your sex are quite proficient in this school,  
And may elate the vain, unwary fool.

While I good-nature in my friend admire;  
While grace and perspicuity conspire,  
To make him all a parent can desire,  
Yet would I say, as to the friend I love,  
(For none so good but he may still improve)

1709

Would

Would you be thought a pleasing, hopeful  
youth,  
Let all you write or speak be grac'd with  
truth.

Truth with resplendent lustre shews he  
face,

While falshood skulks, and sinks in black  
disgrace.

As you advance in years, in virtue grow,  
So shall you her transcendant blessings know.

Virtue and Wisdom are entwined friends ;  
Who Virtue gains, true Wisdom appre-  
hends,

Heav'n guards his feet, and peace his  
steps attends.

(For none so good but he may still improve)

Spoken

Spoken

Spoken extempore to a young Lady, whose  
Name was ORGAN, on her Return Home,  
after a few Months Absence.

WHEN tuneful instruments appear,  
They indicate some pleasure near,  
And if an Organ we behold,  
It doth a sacred theme unfold;  
It's one; it's chief, it's grand design,  
Is to break forth in songs divine.  
Welcome, fair instrument of praise,  
Thy presence shall our spirits raise;  
And that thou art preserv'd from ill,  
Art an unblemish'd Organ still,  
That ev'ry pipe's in tune, rejoice,  
And we'll accord in heart and voice.

THE  
WOMAN'S ORNAMENT.

**S**YLVIA, as you descend from line to  
line,

I know your judgment will concur with  
mine.

Should passion with your better thoughts  
contend,

In Reason's empire I've insur'd a friend.

While I attempt, tho' in a feeble strain,

My sexes brightest ornament t' explain.

It centers not in yon unthinking lass,  
Who murders half her moments at the  
glass.

That

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 151

That well drest cap, or better frizzled  
head,  
With richest pearls and tow'ring plumes  
o'er-spread,  
That lovely easy shape, or graceful air,  
Which at the ball eclipses all the fair;  
That Angel's face, whose beauteous hues  
disclose,  
The snowy lilly, or the blushing rose;  
With iv'ry teeth, or more bewitching  
eyes,  
Before whose lustre ev'ry brilliant dies;  
With voice harmonious, or enchanting  
tongue,  
With pointed wit, or elocution hung;  
With these, O Sylvia! you may be replete,  
Yet want the pearl which makes you truly  
great.



But can you boast of wealth and store of  
gold?

In you, some sordid minds the gem behold;  
Possess of this, you'll meet each swain's  
respect,

It strangely turns to beauty each defect,  
Makes prudence, virtue, sense, and merit  
flow,

From ground where folly, vice, and malice  
grow.

But one esteem'd the wisest of the wise,  
Beheld our sexes worth with other eyes,  
And her pronounces, of the pearl possess,  
Who's with a meek and quiet spirit blest,  
Whose soul retains sound judgment, solid  
sense,

And virtue, with religion's noble fence;  
An humble, gen'rous, free, exalted mind,  
From all the grosser sentiments refin'd;

An



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 17

An heart sincere, sedate,—not apt to roam,  
A mind domestic, ever best at home.  
Be this my lot, my noble portion this,  
And lo! I ask for no superior bliss.

## CREDULIA'S COMPLAINT.

AH! why these tears,—this rising sigh,  
These soft impressions yet ;  
Cannot such matchless perfidy  
Compel me to forget ?

Ye rural walks, ye verdant meads,  
Ye solitary bowers,  
Beneath your soft alluring shades  
I've kill'd unnumber'd hours.

From you alone I seek redress,  
PERFIDIO's vows recal ;  
Perhaps you'll pity my distress,  
For you have heard them all.

Ah !

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 19

Ah ! with what tears did he invoke,  
What sighs my love implore,  
A thousand tender things he spoke,  
And look'd a thousand more.

Long did he seek CREDULIA's heart,  
Ere she that heart could give,  
Till Cupid shot that fatal dart,  
Which bade PERFIDIO live.

Now words were wanting to express  
The transports of his soul,  
He hop'd no more,—must die with less,  
Her will should his controul.

Still more as with her converse blest,  
The gentle flame increas'd ;  
'Twas Paradise within his breast,  
When her his arms embrac'd.

And

And should she ever prove unkind,  
 Or with another wed,  
 He'd never change his stedfast mind,  
 But join the peaceful dead.

I heard nor did the fraud detect,  
 The treach'rous swain believ'd,  
 Nor once did my weak heart suspect,  
 I e'er should be deceiv'd.

But such I was;—Yet still the tear  
 Unwilling fills my eye,  
 And still I find his image there,  
 And still I heave a sigh.

But rise, my soul, with just disdain,  
 Regard' the guilty youth,  
 Nor let him give thy bosom pain,  
 Who flies the path of truth.

On the Marriage of a LADY, to whom the

Author was Bride-Maid.

**A**S the light bark on the tempestuous sea,  
Toss'd to and fro, from dangers never  
free;

Dismay'd with fear, and mov'd with ev'ry  
blast,

Till in a port her anchor's firmly cast;

So oft is mov'd Man's fluctuating mind,

Till it in wedlock a safe anchor find;

Here, if the soul but meets her destin'd  
mate,

Her joys are full, her happiness compleat.

Be this your happy lot, my lovely friend,  
Whose nuptial rites I this glad morn  
attend;

Whose

Whose humble, gentle mind for peace was  
 Not born,      The to spirit M. IS  
 Whom virtue, Move, and innocence adorn.  
 Celestial graces dignify thy soul,  
 While pure religion all thy ways controul.  
 These noble virtues, which in thee abound,  
 Are haply in thy lov'd PHILANDER  
      found.  
 His heart sincere, his temper soft and  
      mild,  
 Nor torn by anger, nor with art beguil'd.  
 Such gentle hearts alone should join their  
      hands,  
 And find that Hymen's chains are filken  
      bands.  
 Their emulation's not who'll reign su-  
      preme,  
 But who shall love the most,—be most  
      serene.

Remote



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 23

Remote from vanity and wordly toys, and  
Each seeks with each for more substantial  
joys.

Tranquillity shall in their borders dwell,  
Nor discord once approach their peaceful  
cell,

But mutually each other's grief they'll bear,  
As mutually each other's joys will share.

Thus, thus, my friend, may you for  
ever prove,  
The soft delight of harmony and love ;  
May ev'ry blessing you can ask of Heav'n,  
To constitute your happiness be giv'n.  
If Heav'n bestows, with joy receive the  
prize,  
If Heav'n withholds, 'tis best what Heav'n  
denies.

Thus

Thus sweetly may you pass your future  
 life, nor do a day regret  
 Nor once repent that you became a wife;

That you declin'd the pleasing name of

B—M,

And that alone preferr'd of H—RAG—M.



From

From EUSEBIA to FIDELIO.

**E**RE you, FIDELIO, these soft lines  
shall view,

We shall have spoke that painful word,  
Adieu!

I know the anguish of your faithful heart,  
I know you thought it more than death to  
part;

But now 'tis done;—The dreaded trial's  
o'er,

Your lov'd EUSEBIA you behold no more.  
No more on willing feet together walk,  
Or of our joys, or of our sorrows talk;  
When each, as to a friend sincere and kind,  
Disclos'd the fond emotions of the mind.

D

No

No more FIDELIO's arms become my bed,  
Or on his neck reclines my drooping head  
Days, weeks, and months must in succession  
glide,

Ere you, again, will join EUSEBIA's side.  
O'er hills and dales she takes her distant  
flight,  
And mountain tops obscure her from your  
sight;  
Long lanes, and fields, and meadows  
cloath'd in green,  
And many a weary step, lies now between.

Perhaps, ere this, a tear bedews your eye,  
And your sad bosom heaves a tender sigh;  
But spare your tears, of this your heart  
assure,  
Mine eyes enough for you and I procure.

So

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 27

So let no doubts your constant heart assail,  
For none but you, FIDELIO, shall prevail:  
Shou'd Heav'n advance me to the highest  
sphere,

You only are, and ever shall be dear.

That gen'rous heart, which fought not  
gold, but me,

Shall meet its equal, noble, gen'rous, free.

Fair Fortune smiles and I'll again return,

And bid my just FIDELIO cease to mourn.

Our constant hearts, our willing hands shall  
join,

Thy lov'd EUSEBIA shall be wholly thine.

But if on earth we ne'er shall meet again,

In this afflictive world of grief and pain;

If Heav'n, all-wise, erects my nuptial  
bed,

Within the peaceful regions of the dead,

I hope to meet you in that world above,  
Where it will be adjudg'd no crime to  
love;  
Where *fathers* cannot frown, nor friends  
dismay,  
But all be joy through one eternal day.





On the Marriage of Captain A—— to  
Miss R——.

**Y**E Nymphs of Helicon, attend my  
lyre,

While all the feather'd Choristers conspire,

In notes celestial to salute the morn,

When SYLVIA doth the nuptial rites adorn.

See Cupids, Sylphs, and Goddesſes deſcend;

Venus and all her gentle train attend;

While ev'ry fragrant flow'r appears in

bloom,

And minds moſt penſive diſſipate their

gloom.

All happy in this nuptial joy, to ſhare,

And each congratulates the happy pair.

The happy pair, who, lock'd in Hymen's  
bands,  
United hearts, ere they united hands.

ORENZO's heart, to martial fields enur'd,  
Who all the hostile acts of war endur'd,  
One tender look from SYLVIA quite dis-  
arms;  
But where's the bosom can withstand such  
charms?  
When beauty, grace, and innocence com-  
bin'd,  
T' inspire the soul, and captivate the mind.  
Who proof remains, 'gainst cannon balls  
and fire,  
May by one glance from SYLVIA's eyes  
expire.  
Those lovely eyes emitted such a dart,  
As made a conquest of ORENZO's heart;

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 31

A noble conquest, worthy of the fair,  
Who in his future joys and grief will share.

How blest the swain, of such a bride  
possest !

The nymph ally'd to such a swain, how  
blest !

Long may you live,—connubial life adorn ;

Yea, live to bless the children yet unborn,

Live,—and no other emulation know,

But who the greatest tendernefs shall shew ;

And when fair SYLVIA feels a Mother's care

May she a Mother's consolation share ;

May ev'ry tender branch that shall be giv'n,

Be fructify'd with all the gifts of Heav'n.

While SYLVIA, who by good example's  
taught,

Whose mind is by maternal wisdom  
fraught,

With

With such instruction, as pursu'd through  
life,

Will grace the mother, and adorn the wife.

Fair SYLVIA will, with notions most refin'd,

Direct their steps, and cultivate the mind.

ORENZO too, with a paternal heart,

Will all that's useful, kind, or good,  
inpart.

Thus, with each joy, and social comfort  
blest,

Each morn they'll rise, and eve retire to rest.

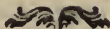
Should duty, loyalty, or war's alarms,  
Demand ORENZO from his SYLVIA's arms,  
With rage redoubl'd, he'll engage the foe,  
And sink them swiftly down to shades  
below ;

Bid each the fatal consequences prove,  
Who dares detain the hero from his love.

Thus

Thus conqu'ring more by Cupid than by  
Mars,

Fly to his fair triumphant from the wars ;  
Find in her virtuous arms that sweet repast,  
Which lawless libertines can never taste ;  
Her ev'ry look shall joys sublime create,  
And make a Paradife of his retreat.



A

## LETTER to an AUNT.

**D**EAR Madam please to pardon me,  
That I with you this freedom take,  
But thus a kind enquiry,  
After your health is all I make.

My parents, self, and sisters too,  
Thro' mercy are extremely well;  
And hope, and long, and pray that you,  
This pleasing news may have to tell.

Alas ! tis more than six long years,  
Since you and I were forc'd to part,  
I need not tell, for sure my tears  
Confess'd how much it mov'd my heart.  
This



This penfive thought my mind impreſt,  
Alas ! I ne'er ſhall ſee her more ;  
Then was my ſpirit ſo diſtreſt,  
That fill'd with grief, my eyes ran o'er.

And now again, with grief I ſay,  
I ne'er expect your face to ſee,  
Since nothing calls me hence your way,  
And nothing calls you thence to me.

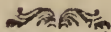
But if we never meet below,  
While we theſe mortal bodies wear,  
When you, dear Aunt, to Heav'n ſhall go,  
May I be bleſt to meet you there.

While yet appears your ſetting ſun,  
Some fleeting moments yet remain ;  
If ev'ry family ſhould be one,  
Why may not ink our paper ſtain.

Madam,

Madam, if you will condescend  
To write, if but a single line,  
You'll much oblige your loving friend,  
An humble fav'rite of the Nine.

But should I not this favour gain,  
Till Death transmits me to my grave,  
I wish, dear Madam, to remain,  
Your loving dutious niece, JANE CAVE.



On the Departure of a Youth from the  
Author, with whom she had lived near  
two Years.

**D**AYS, weeks, and months are gone  
and past,

This morning ushers in the last,  
The last,—that ever we, my friend,  
May in one habitation spend.  
But ere we part, my friendly muse  
Wou'd kindly this precaution use.

You now are just in manhood's dawn,  
And flow'ry prospects deck the lawn;  
Wealth, pleasure, strength, and length of  
days,

With joyful hope, your mind surveys.

E

But

But let your heart receive this truth,  
Ten thousand snares are laid for youth;  
Ten thousand sins, in pleasure's dress,  
Each youth will to their bosom press.  
One sin calls here, another there, }  
And youth, too oft, incline an ear, }  
The soft delusive voice to hear.

Regard then this my parting breath,  
Those flow'ry paths lead down to death,  
And when you are from me remote,  
With gay companions, void of thought;  
When you shall hear their tongues profane  
The great JEHOVAH's sacred name,  
And you, perhaps, with them shall join  
To imprecate the wrath divine,  
Tho' no reproving friend is near,  
Remember God himself is there.

Let

Let recollection then relate,  
 What oft you've heard a friend repeat,  
 Conscience shall ev'ry truth attest,  
 And own each admonition just;  
 She will a faithful diary keep,  
 Tho' oft we think she's lull'd to sleep.  
 But ah!—should death your soul o'ertake,  
 You'd find the treach'rous dame awake;  
 But this obscure, this last sad day,  
 Youth shuns, and puts it far away.  
 But come, or soon, or late that hour,  
 We know we all must feel its pow'r.

*This* long expected period's come,  
 As certain *that*, which seals our doom,  
 Which stabs our vitals,—draws our breath,  
 And closes up our eyes in death,  
 Which makes us bid the world Adieu!  
 And brings eternity to view,

Which hails us partners of the sky,  
 Or bids us down to horror fly :  
 Then shall your heart these lines approve,  
 And know that all I meant was love.

Written to a Friend, on going to ITCHEN,  
 about five Miles from WINCHESTER, to  
 see a Country Seat belonging to the Duke  
 of Chandos.

A Friendly party, of one mind,  
 Were for a pleasure-day inclin'd,  
 Forsook their beds on Thursday morn,  
 When each their persons did adorn

With



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 41

With raiment proper for the day,  
And in high spirits drove away.

The morn did a bad day portend,  
Bid some unwelcome show'rs descend;  
But fable clouds now disappear,  
And azure decks the atmosphere;  
Phœbus expands his golden rays,  
And all the rural sweets displays,  
And that my friend the whole may know,  
We to a place call'd **ITCHEN** go;  
Where, with an honest batchelor,  
We meet with good and hearty cheer.  
Sincere, ingenuous, plain and free,  
No needfuls compliment had he.  
Each welcome, what he lik'd to chuse,  
And each as welcome to refuse.  
A while we after dinner sat,  
Engag'd in inoffensive chat,

E 3

Then

Then arm in arm, in pairs we stalk,  
And to his Grace's mansion walk.

Here, each apartment we behold,  
Doth something of the Duke unfold.

Magnificence decks ev'ry place,  
And speaks the owner is his Grace.

Some ancient portraits caught my eye,  
Which bid my bosom heave a sigh,  
For ah! those once lov'd forms with  
reptiles lie.

When we had view'd the mansion o'er,  
Park, garden, fish-ponds, and much more,  
Our feeble frames begin to tire,  
And some refreshment we require.  
We now approach the humble cell,  
Wherein our rustic friend doth dwell.  
Here, fill'd with new ideas, we  
Regale us with a dish of tea.

Some

Some hours yet remain unspent,  
 And pleasure was our sole intent.  
 So that we may the same increase,  
 Resolv'd the chrystal stream to trace,  
 Forthwith into a boat we go,  
 And up and down the river row,  
 See the glad fishes frisk and play,  
 And seem as blest, and pleas'd as they.

Re-ent'ring now our friends retreat,  
 To make his bounty quite compleat,  
 A pleasant syllabub we find,  
 When each may drink, who is inclin'd.

Phœbus now hastens to the west,  
 We think to hasten home is best;  
 So parting with our gen'rous friend,  
 Wishing each bliss may him attend,  
 Enter our carriage, drive away,  
 Bestow encomiums on the day.

None

None seem'd inclining to relent,  
Each had a day of pleasure spent;  
Thus chatting on, till we alight,  
And bid each other a good night.

Thankful, we all are safe and well,  
And that no ill has us beset;  
Each to their dwelling go their way,  
And thus concludes our pleasure-day.

---

A Poem, occasioned by a Lady's doubting  
whether the Author compos'd an Elegy,  
to which her Name is affix'd.

**I**F good Miss H— will condescend,  
To read these lines which I have penn'd,  
Perhaps it may her doubts confute,  
And she'll no more my word dispute,  
But

But own I may the Author be,  
Of what she did on Sunday see.

*You'd* hate a base perfidious youth;  
Such *my* disgust to all untruth.  
A gen'rous mind is never prone  
To claim a merit not her own.  
I wou'd disdain t' affix my name  
To that, which is another's claim.  
Of beauteous form Heav'n made me not,  
(Nor has soft affluence been my lot,)  
But fix'd me in an humble station,  
Remote from those of rank and fashion;  
But there are beauties of the mind,  
Which are not to the great confin'd;  
Wisdom does not erect her seat  
Always in palaces of state;  
This blessing Heav'n dispenses round,  
She's sometimes in a cottage found,

And



And tho' she is a guest majestic,  
May deign to dwell in a domestic.

Yet, of this great celestial guest,  
I dare not boast myself possessor,  
But this wou'd represent to you,  
As Wisdom does, the Muses do,  
No deference shew to wealth or ease,  
But pay their visits as they please.  
Sometimes they deign to call on me,  
And tune my mind to poetry :  
But all : they're fled, I'll drop my pen,  
Nor raise it till they call again.





A POEM for CHILDREN.

On Cruelty to the Irrational Creation.

O H! what a cruel wicked thing,  
For me who am a little King,\*  
To give my hapless subjects pain,  
And make them groan beneath my reign.

Were I a chafer, and could fly,  
Ah! should I not with anguish cry,  
Should naughty children take a pin,  
And run me through to make me spin?

Were I a bird, took from my nest,  
Should I not think myself oppress'd,  
If tofs'd about in wanton play,  
'Till maim'd and faint I die away?

\* See PSALMS, viii. vi.

Now, and when I'm a bigger boy,  
 Let cruelty my heart annoy,  
 Because it is a dreadful evil,  
 That only fits me for the Devil.

If I must tought of life deprive,  
 The quickest way I will contrive,  
 To stop the tremb'ling victim's breath,  
 And give it little pain in death.

I'll not torment a dog or cat,  
 A toad, a viper, or a rat;  
 They're form'd by an Almighty hand,  
 And sprung to life at his command.

A bull, a horse, yea every creature,  
 Of the most mild or savage nature,  
 Were kindly given for my use,  
 But never meant for my abuse.

Good

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 49

Good men, thy holy word attests,  
Are kind and tender to their beasts;  
May I be merciful and kind,  
That I with thee may mercy find.

---

Written by Desire of a Lady, on an angry,  
petulant Kitchen-Maid.

**G**OOD Mistress Dishclout, what's the  
matter?

Why here—the spoon, and there—the  
platter?

What demon causes all this low'ring,  
Black as the pot you oft are scow'ring?

Hot as the fire you daily light,

Your speech with low invectives blight,

F

While

While rage impregnates ev'ry vein,  
And dies the face *one crimson stain*.

Sure some one has a word misplac'd,  
Or look'd not equal to your taste,  
Or, is this just the time you've chose,  
Your great acquirements to disclose,  
Display the graces of your tongue,  
Shew with what eloquence 'tis hung,  
As dog, rogue, scoundrel, scrub, what not,  
And twenty more, I've quite forgot ;  
Which prove to a demonstration  
You've had a liberal education ;  
Such titles must enchant the ear,  
And make the bounteous donor dear ;  
But while these bounties are dispensing,  
I wish I'd learn'd the art of fencing,  
Least while at John you aim to throw,  
My nob should chance to catch the blow ;

Then

Then I should get a broken pate,

And marks of violence I hate.

Good Mistress Dishclout condescend

To hear the counsel of a friend ;

When next you are dispos'd to brawl,

Pray let the scull'ry hear it all,

And learn to know, your fittest place

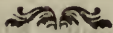
Is with the dishes and the grease,

And when you are inclin'd to battle,

Engage the skimmer, spit, or kettle,

Or any other kitchen guest,

Which you in wisdom might think best.



Written by Desire of a Mother, who had  
lost an only Child.

AS with delight we view the op'ning  
rose

Expand, and all her fragrant sweets disclose,  
So did MATERNA view her lovely maid,  
In all the charms of innocence array'd ;

Oft had her little all, her only child,  
The tedious hour with pleasing chat be-  
guil'd,

But Heav'n, all-good, and infinitely wise,  
Remov'd this darling idol to the skies,  
Ere her young heart had been *obdur'd* by sin,  
Or guilt, tormenting fiend, could brood  
therein,

Ere she arriv'd at years that might destroy,  
By one false step, a tender mother's joy.

Behold



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 53

Behold she soars to yon celestial fields,  
Where ev'ry plant æthereal odour yields;  
With pitying eye, methinks she looks below,  
Commiserates a tender mother's woe,  
Bids her dejected heart from earth retire,  
And all her future thoughts to Heav'n  
aspire;  
Prepare, she cries,—prepare to meet the  
blest,  
And join your SALLY in eternal rest.

---

On the Author's leaving BATH and going to  
WINCHESTER, Nov. 13, 1779.

**A**LAS! 'tis done, I can no longer stay,  
For Tuesday morn will hurry me  
away

From BATH,—from friends whose friend-  
ship I revere,

Friends—most disint'rested and sincere ;

I bid them all adieu ! and go alone,

To a strange place, unknowing and un-  
known.

I know your kindest wishes me attend,

And in this place may raise to me a friend.

I go,—but some, alas ! from whom I  
part,

Like a kind parent lie within my heart,

And cou'd I know we part, to meet no more,

I wou'd each thought of parting now give  
o'er.

My tears prevent,—why do mine eyes  
o'erflow,

And why my heart such poignant sorrow  
know ?

But

But can I,—dare I, unaffected be,  
 With such unmerited respect to me ?  
 I nought possess, I nothing can return,  
 But sure my heart with gratitude shall burn ;  
 Indelible *their* kindness shall remain,  
 Nor will I wish my passions to restrain.

My pray'rs and tears (would they were  
 prevalent !)  
 Shall be to Heav'n by ardent breathing  
 sent,  
 That ev'ry wish'd for blessing may descend  
 On each whom kindness constitutes my  
 friend ;  
 May plenty, life, and health with each  
 remain,  
 And I be blest to meet you all again.

But should pale Death for either of you  
 call,  
 Or fix on me, and force me from you all,  
 Be

Be this my pray'r, till my frail life is o'er,  
 That we may meet on yon celestial shore,  
 Where death, and grief, and parting are  
 no more.

A Poem, on the Celebration of the Night  
 in which Misses W—— and J—— were  
 bound Apprentices to Miss H. of Bath.

**I**N love and innocent delight  
 We meet to spend this wish'd for night;  
 When FLAVIA and SELIME are bound,  
 And may their time with peace be crown'd.  
 May health and harmony, and love,  
 And all the blessings from above,  
 Crown ev'ry day kind Heav'n shall give,  
 Whilst you shall with fair SILVIA live.

May

May FLAVIA, and young SELIME too,  
 (As friends consistently may do)  
 In this each other emulate,  
 Who shall with knowledge be replete ;  
 Who be most active, most sincere,  
 Who most in goodness persevere :  
 And whilst fair SILVIA rules with ease,  
 Be your ambition still to please.  
 So peace shall crown your fleeting hours,  
 Content and happiness be yours.

---

Written by the Desire of a Lady, On Build-  
 ing of Castles.

**B**UILDING of Castles did commence,  
 In days of old, for our defence,  
 And usually erected were,  
 Adjacent to the Seat of war;

Where

Where blood and slaughter did abound,  
And drench'd with gore the thirsty ground;  
Where powder, darts, and bullets flew,  
Nor one relenting passion knew;  
But winging through the smoke and fire,  
Made thousands groan, bleed, and expire.

Castles were built firm and secure,  
Wherein some treasure to insure;  
With cells and caverns dark, profound,  
And walls impregnable around.

It's direful decorations are

The whole artillery of war;  
Cannons and muskets, swords and bombs,  
Hangers and spears, and fifes and drums.  
Bullets, and ev'ry fit supply,  
Wherewith t'attack the enemy.

Some castles too, of which we hear,  
Are fabricated in the air;

But



But these are of the mental kind,  
 The sole construction of the mind.  
 We in these æther castles ride,  
 With all the equipage of pride,  
 And in imagination rise,  
 Superior monarchs of the skies.  
 One blast this edifice destroys,  
 Abortive are our promis'd joys.  
 Our ministry this castle built,  
 By which the blood of thousands spilt;  
 Fancy'd a thousand men or two  
 Could all AMERICA subdue.  
 But thrice ten thousand cross'd the main,  
 A million's in the contest slain.  
 Yet, ah! fell castle, direful ill,  
 AMERICA'S un-conqu'ed still.

Castles are an imperfect plan,  
 Of that superior creature,—Man.

The

The body is a castle where,  
The most intrinsic treasures are;  
Well fraught with arms for man's defence  
As reason, recollection, sense;  
Which if we exercise aright,  
Put all our Enemies to flight;  
Spoil Envy with her pois'nous dart,  
And wound Resentment to the heart;  
Bid Discontent and Anger fly,  
And each unruly passion die;  
Subdue Distrust and black Despair,  
And substitute Contentment there.  
Thus conqu'ring, we superior rise  
With shouts of vict'ry to the skies.  
Where ev'ry Conqueror is blest,  
In Castles of eternal rest.

The AUTHOR personates the MOTHER  
viewing the Portrait of Mr. T. W. who  
was then in the EAST INDIES.

LO! here the lovely portrait's seen,  
But, ah! what oceans roll between;  
What tracks of land, and deserts wild,  
Divide me from my darling child!  
Carnage, and Death triumphant reign,  
Storms rise, and thunders roar in vain,  
Nor rocks, nor racks, nor wars deter,  
The dear, the bold Adventurer;  
Disdaining affluence, peace, and ease,  
He braves the horrors of the seas.

Thou, whose omniscient eye pervades  
Celestial heights, and darkest shades,  
Surveys at once each point of land,  
And holds the ocean in thy hand,

G

Preserve

Preserve this brave advent'rous youth,  
 And lead him to the paths of truth;  
 Still o'er his ev'ry thought preside,  
 And bid his soul in thee confide.  
 Preserve him, till each danger's o'er,  
 And land him on his native shore;  
 Then our exulting hearts shall raise  
 A song of gratitude and praise.

---

Written to an AUNT, accompanied with  
 TWO ELEGIES.

**M**ADAM, your Nièce resumes her pen,  
 And writes to her dear Aunt again;  
 That you may see her weak attempts,  
 Humbly two Elegies presents.  
 Begs you will kindly them accept  
 With this precaution—don't expect

Any

Any great worth in them to see,  
 For they were wholly made by me.  
 Tho' quite imperfect, don't refuse  
 The labours of a Female's Muse,  
 But kindly each defect pass o'er,  
 Your niece JANE CAYE will ask no more.

---

On seeing Lady P— at a Place of Worship.

**M**Y slighted Muse long time had flown,  
 And great disgust to me had shewn;  
 But yesterday she call'd again,  
 And forc'd me to resume my pen.

“ Behold! she said, yon lovely face,  
 “ Which Nature form'd with so much grace,  
 “ Riches and honours are her own,  
 “ And social comforts yet unknown,  
 “ Prudence, that lov'd tho' humble guest,  
 “ Erects a throne within her breast.

“ When plac’d within the House of Pray’r,  
“ She recollected GOD was there ;  
“ Tho’ Levity was by her side,  
“ She with a sweet becoming pride,  
“ Rebuk’d the fair——devoutly fat,  
“ Nor once presum’d to laugh or chat :  
“ For well she knew ’twould sink her down  
“ Below the level of a Clown.  
“ That titles only agrandize,  
“ And bid us as superiors rise,  
“ In just proportion as they’re join’d,  
“ Unto a great ennobled mind ;  
“ Who, with a proper, humble grace,  
“ Demeans herself in ev’ry place,  
“ Such is the fair of whom I speak,  
“ For whom I did this visit make.”  
Thus spake my Muse, then took her flight  
In~~E~~ther, and out soar’d my flight.



---

P O E M S

SACRED TO THE

MEMORY of the DEAD.

---

On the Death of Mr. BRADFORD, an eminent Gardener in BRISTOL, July, 1774.

WHERE are those wonted feet, O tell  
me where!

That to this garden did so oft repair?

Behold! I search, but ah! I search in vain,

Alas! no traces of them here remain.

Ye plants and flow'rs, come tell me if  
you can,

Where is the good, laborious, faithful man,

G 3

Who

Who daily view'd you with discerning  
eye,

Wou'd ev'ry beauty, ev'ry fault espy?

Nect'rines and peaches, apricots and all

Ye pleasant fruits, that are within my call,

Where are those hands, that with an artful  
care

Oft prun'd your trees, knew when to prune  
and where?

Hot-house and green-house, next I ask of  
you,

But ye unwilling are to tell me too.

Of ev'ry plant, and tree, and flow'r I ask,

But none will undertake the painful task,

The truly fatal, pensive news to tell,

To say their friend has took his long  
farewel,

For all his loss, in silent grief deplore,

Their

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 67

Their looks proclaim that BRADFORD is no  
more.

No more, methinks they say, we see our  
friend,

Who weeks, and months, and years with  
us did spend;

Who planted us, and set us first to grow,  
Transplanted us, and mov'd us to and fro.  
Us to improve, was BRADFORD's chief de-  
light,

His work by day, and study too by  
night.

Before the rising of yon radiant sun,  
Each morn our friend his daily work begun.

Yea, oft with fair Aurora he would rise,  
For us the soft alluring bed despise.

Now no such care and constancy we find,

Alas! his equal is not left behind.

Whilst

Whilst thus the pensive flow'rs his worth  
repeat,

The plants and trees their cries reverberate :  
And I'll their authenticity attest,

His worth and merit were by all confest,  
He was labor'ous, careful, wise, and good,  
Each plant and tree minutely understood.

He was,—but ah ! I'll not recount his praise,  
'Twill not allay our grief, but sorrow raise ;  
For now he is no more, but borne away,  
From realms of sorrow to celestial day.

Propitious Heav'n beheld, and mov'd with  
love

Kindly remov'd him hence to realms above,  
And when he found his dissolution nigh,  
He said, “ Come, wife, sit down, and see  
me die.”

Serene and calm he bow'd his peaceful head,  
Without a groan the willing spirit fled.

And

And when this transitory life is o'er,  
O may his partner gain the happy shore,  
Triumphant in a flaming car ascend,  
And ever dwell with her departed friend!

---

On the Death of Mrs. MAYBERY, of  
BRECON.

AND can it be? and is her spirit fled?  
Is dear OPHELIA number'd with the  
dead?

Are all the days of her probation past?

And is her die unalterably cast?

Heart piercing thought—flow tears from  
ev'ry eye,

While ev'ry bosom rises with a sigh.

What goodness, prudence, wisdom, laid in  
dust!

Ah! Who the greatest Potentate can trust!

Where

Where's he ! could I each mortal's name  
 rehearse,  
 Who pow'r hath gain'd this sentence to  
 reverse.

**Obdurate King—Insatiable Death !**

Who thus a period puts to mortals breath ;  
 By thy rude hand no deference is paid,  
 Greatness with indigence in dust is laid ;  
 Destruction is essential to thy name,  
 And all thy direful acts thy pow'r pro-  
 claim.

What hopes are spoil'd ? What near con-  
 nections broke,

By this thy sudden unrelenting stroke ?  
 The life destroy'd, the valuable life  
 Of mistress, sister, daughter, mother, wife.

See her domestics who her goodness knew,  
 Pour forth the tribute to her merit due,

While



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 71

While weeping sisters bath'd in tears remain,  
And sighing brothers scarce their grief  
sustain.

While tender, aged Parents' hearts o'erflow,  
Nor joy nor rest, nor consolation know,  
While duteous children, sent her by the Lord,  
In fruitless tears the mournful day record.  
And then behold, but ah! what heart can  
guess

The grief profound, the depth of that distress,  
Which seiz'd at once the partner of her bed,  
When told his wife, his other self was dead?  
Trembling methinks, with ev'ry thought  
amaz'd,

Astonish'd at the messenger he gaz'd!  
The vital stream congeals in ev'ry vein,  
While scarcely spirits, strength, or life  
remain.

Anxious

Anxious at once the whole dread scene to  
know,

Yet dreads to hear what will increase his woe.

At length inform'd—delug'd in grief he lies,

Nor hopes redress, but from his weeping eyes.

He calls the friendly tear to ease his grief,

But these recoil, nor deign to give relief.

Thus with an heart o'erborne, and spirits  
broke,

He sinks beneath th'intolerable stroke.

He ruminates—at length the silence breaks,

And thus methinks, in pensive accents speaks;

Alas! for me, my happier days are o'er,

I hear the voice—behold the face no more

Of her my friend, my best belov'd, my wife,

The joy, support, and comfort of my life;

The tender mother of my progeny,

The prudent mistress of my family;

How

How many useful years might she have  
spent,

To bless those children, which by Heav'n  
are lent,

To guide their feet, inculcate filial fear,

While ev'ry look maternal love did bear ?

Her care judiciously, rul'd all within,

When I, for weeks and months have absent  
been.

My help-mate she, who with superior grace,  
Adorn'd the mistress, wife, and mother's  
place.

Thus mourns her spouse, while numbers  
swell the cry,

Her death demands a tear from ev'ry eye.

In her the poor and wretched found a friend,

On her did for their chief support depend.

Blest with a noble, free, and gen'rous heart,

In her mean av'rice could claim no part.

H

And

And now 'twould be but just, if in return  
 A flood of tears were pour'd upon her urn :  
 While all those grievances she did redress,  
 Her name and memory for ever bless.

---

On the Death of Mrs. BLAKE, of CROCK-  
 HORN, who died in a Week after being  
 safely delivered of the sixth Child.

WHAT eye forbids a tear, what heart  
 a sigh ?

Fly some auspicious Angel, quickly fly !  
 The stroke is too severe for man to bear,  
 If some celestial comfort be not there.

How anxiously the lov'd EUSEBIUS stands,  
 To Heav'n in pray'r lifts up his ardent  
 hands,

That when the trying period shall arrive,  
 The dear AMATA be preserv'd alive.

At

At length the hour advances, Heav'n seems  
 To smile kind, and bless the day

And lo! a lovely infant soon we find;

The dear maternal friend bids fair for life,

And the fond husband views his lovely wife,

The living mother of a living child;

And all the husband all the father smil'd;

Joy fills his heart, love sparkles in his eyes,

And each foreboding thought before him dies.

His grateful heart ascends in praise to Heav'n,

Whose goodness had this double blessing giv'n.

Each friend congratulates the happy pair,

And wishes in their mutual joy to share.

Life smiles on all, no trouble seems to annoy,

But ah! sad change—How transient is the

joy?

Each heart where gladness sat—beneath the

stroke

Sinks to despair, and all its comfort's broke.



Her face, which yielded pleasure and delight,  
At once turns pale and solemn as the night;  
Gloom spreads around, her Sun withdraws  
his rays,  
And sets in the meridian of her days.  
She meekly yields, sinks from the fondest  
arms,  
She dies!—and with her die a thousand  
charms;

In her the most endearing wife is dead,  
The tend'rest mother from her children fled:  
The courteous neighbour, faithful friend  
she prov'd,  
In life by all respected and belov'd,  
By all lamented when from life remov'd.  
Earth seem'd unworthy of her longer stay,  
And Heav'n receiv'd her to celestial day;  
There she beholds the glories of her Lord,  
And all her virtues meet a full reward.

On



On the Much Lamented DEATH of the  
Rev. Mr. WHITFIELD, who died in  
NEW ENGLAND, Sept. 30, 1770.

WHY doth all Nature wear an awful  
gloom?

And why, alas! exults yon distant tomb?

Why doth a sable cloud the sky o'er-spread?

WHITFIELD alas! seraphic WHITFIELD'S  
dead,

The Friend, the Christian, the approv'd  
Divine,

The Saint in whom the life of God did shine,

The man whom Heav'n ordain'd to preach  
for all,

And thousands by his ministry to call;

The Lord did chuse him in his youthful  
days,

To speak his glory and set forth his praise!

Mov'd by celestial love, did undertake,  
The ministry alone for JESU's sake.  
His tongue was touch'd with evangelic fire,  
And heav'nly raptures did his soul inspire.  
Then forth into the World this Herald came,  
Resolv'd to prop<sup>a</sup>agate IMMANUEL's name ;  
'To set his glory forth from pole to pole,  
Were the capacious breathings of his soul.  
He loudly did the Gospel trumpet sound,  
Whilst thousands trembl'd as they stood  
around,

Proclaim'd the suff'rings of a dying God,  
Invited sinners to his pard'ning blood,  
Enforc'd to all the great necessity  
Of knowing this—" The Saviour dy'd for  
me."

Thus was our nation bless'd with Gospel  
truth,  
Boldly deliver'd by this chosen Youth,  
Who

Who with an heart inflam'd with JESU's love,  
 Caus'd GOD to pour his blessings from above.  
 But did this Champion for the living GOD,  
 Appear in England only, to do good?

No, no, his gracious Captain points his way  
 Beyond the seas, and Whitfield must obey:  
 For in his Maker's will he did rejoice,  
 Was all attention to his sacred voice.

When JESUS bade o'er raging seas to pass,  
 Through vast AMERICA, to sound his grace,  
 There, like an Herald for the bleeding  
     Lamb,

He went, and did the Negroes souls inflame.  
 Shew'd Ethiopians their Redeemer nigh,  
 To cleanse their spotted souls from deepest  
     dye.

In such pathetic accents mov'd his tongue,  
 As rent and broke the very heart of stone.

Thus

Thus did he found his Maker's praise abroad,  
A lab'rer in the vineyard of his God.

But now, alas ! his labours are all o'er,  
The fields do eccho with his voice no more ;  
No more from his dear English friends he  
parts,

No more returns to animate their hearts,  
But leaves ten thousand thousands to deplore  
The death of him, who lives to die no more.  
Let things inanimate his worth proclaim !  
And shout from sea to sea his wond'rous  
name !

O ye nocturnal luminaries tell,  
What love for souls did in his bosom dwell !  
Say, say what nights this advocate with  
God

Spent wrestling to avert th'impending rod.  
Let fair AURORA in her turn declare,  
How he preceded her by praise and pray'r.

Let

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 81

Let churches, chapels, tabernacles tell,  
Who e'er within their walls did him excel.  
Let counties, cities, towns, and streets pro-  
claim,

How faithfully he did the truth maintain.  
Say winds and waves, how oft the Saint ye  
tols'd,

When he for God the great Atlantic cross'd ?  
And let the Continent abroad begin,

To tell what heav'nly news he there did  
bring,

How he explain'd the love of Jesu's heart,  
'Till sinners with their ev'ry sin did part.

Hell trembl'd when this god-like man arose,  
And all its votaries commenc'd his foes.

Say, Prince Infernal, how inhanc'd thy ire,  
When Jesus did his Whitfield's soul inspire;  
When like a flaming Seraph round he flew,  
Thy works, thy cause, thy kingdom o'er-  
threw ?

Say,



Say ye celestial Angels, how ye fled,  
On willing wings, to guard his favour'd  
head.

Say, ev'ry Saint, how did your hearts rejoice,  
When ere ye heard the sound of W's voice ;  
Well might each bosom sigh, each Christian  
weep,

When this seraphic herald fell asleep.

But could we quit these tenements of clay,  
And soar aloft into celestial day,

There faithful Whitfield may at once be  
found,

With an eternal wreath of glory crown'd,  
And shouting loud Hosannahs to that God,  
Who made him more than conqu'ror thro'  
his blood.

May we, like him, each breath for Jesus  
spend,

Like Whitfield persevere unto the end,

Like



Like him sail through this life's tempestuous  
 sea,

Fight the good fight, and gain the victory.

That when the last tremendous trump shall  
 found,

We in the wedding garment may be found,

With Angels, Saints, and favour'd Whitfield  
 meet,

And ever worship at IMMANUEL's feet,

There sing the wonders of redeeming love,

With all the blood-bought company above.

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. HOWELL

HARRIS, who died JULY 21, <sup>1771</sup>~~1781~~

**W**HAT penfive, solemn, dolefull tidings  
 found?

All ZION's sons will deeply feel the wound!

A

A brother, friend, a father dear is gone!

HARRIS is dead; his crown of glory's won!

What tongue can tell, what hand can paint  
the loss

Of one so steady under JESU'S cross?

Hail, happy soul! thy mourning days  
are o'er,

Inhabitant of mortal flesh no more!

No more shall pain and anguish thee confine,

Nor on a dying-bed thy head recline.

No more shall sin oppress thy righteous soul,

Nor grief come near, while endless ages roll.

No more (when glows thy heart with pure  
desire)

Thou'lt feel the force of persecution's fire.

No more, with what is worse, shalt thou be  
try'd,

By vain Professors setting thee aside:

Advanc'd

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 85

Advanc'd beyond their frowns, beyond their  
praise,

HARRIS with Angels tunes his grateful lays.

He fits with all those radiant hosts above;

And swims in seas of pure celestial love.

He meets his blessed partner, gone before,

They meet to praise their God, and part no  
more.

She like a brilliant diamond appears,

And helps to decorate the crown he wears.

Not her alone, but thousands more there be,

Whom God awaken'd by his ministry.

How gloriously he shines;—what mean  
these sighs?

Why flow these torrents from our languid  
eyes?

But ah! we weep, that he from us should  
part,

Who so minutely trac'd the sinner's heart;

I

Who

Who all the reasonings therein disclos'd,  
And all the Devil's stratagem's expos'd;  
The man whom GOD first rais'd (in his  
youth)

In WALES, to propagate the Gospel truth,  
He set his brow as brass, no flesh he fear'd,  
Essential truth he faithfully declar'd.

His grace, and knowledge, numbers to him  
drew,

They to his house, like doves to windows, flew,  
Thousands he caus'd, by the great pow'r of  
God,

To part with sin, and fly to JESU's blood,  
He spake, nor did his works his words deny,  
He liv'd each day, as tho' that day to die.

O Moon, and Stars, who make the dark-  
ness light,

Tell us how oft he groan'd to GOD by night.  
Say, rising Sun, yea tell us dawning day,  
How soon he left his bed, to praise and pray.

Say

Say walls, and closets, ev'ry secret place,  
 How oft he supplicated God for grace,  
 How oft he with his blessed Lord did meet,  
 And fill'd with love, bow'd at his sacred feet.  
 Say, thou infernal Prince, how thou didst  
 rage,

When HARRIS did against thy cause engage;  
 And let thine emissaries here proclaim,  
 That mov'd by thee, they vilify'd his name.

Say ye blest Angels, how dispatch'd from  
 God,

To guard him round on ev'ry side ye stood,  
 Say, Sinners say, how oft with warm desire,  
 He warn'd you to escape eternal fire.

Let towns and streets, houses and fields  
 proclaim,

His constant ardour for his JESU's name.

Then let each Christian with a secret sigh,  
 Reverberate TREVECKA's pensive cry.

Let ev'ry heart lift up a fervent pray'r,  
That old ELIJAH's mantle may be there.  
That God from age, to age, may carry on,  
Th' amazing work which HARRIS hath begun.

That all who shall that Saint of God succeed,  
Like him, may prove true Israelites indeed.

Not all the pow'rs of hell could him dismay,

He to the end purfu'd the narrow way.  
The paths of peace incessantly he trod,  
Then dy'd exulting in his Saviour God.  
His spirit catholic was friend to all,  
Who Jesu's image bore, and name did call,  
A mighty conq'ror as in life in death,  
Cry'd vict'ry, vict'ry, to his latest breath,  
And tho' his body felt most poignant smart,  
He said " the dear Redeemer keeps my  
heart,"

And



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 89

And when the great I AM shall burn the  
skies,

And bid unnumber'd Worlds to Judgment  
rise,

Then HARRIS by his Lord shall be confest,

And soul, and body, enter into rest,

Return triumphant to his destin'd Throne,

And dwell with God, in extacies unknown.

---

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. WATKINS,  
of LANURSK, in the County of BRECON,  
who died the 9th of Jan. 1774.

*Let me die the Death of the Righteous; and let my latter  
End be like his.*

**A**LAS! what mournful tidings strike my  
soul!

Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, my passions now con-  
troul,

WATKINS is gone—is number'd with the  
dead!

And all his loving partner's joys are fled!  
Now all his words affectionate and kind,  
And ev'ry look is recent on her mind,  
She views the token \* of their mutual love,  
And weeps there is no Father to reprove,  
Who wisely rul'd with a paternal care,  
And in her joys and griefs a part did bear.  
Thus waves of grief across her bosom roll,  
And fill with deep distress her pensive soul!  
But she alone doth not sustain the loss,  
For ev'ry lover of the Saviour's cross,  
With whom he did in Christian union meet,  
The death of WATKINS greatly must regret.  
In him they lost a brother and a friend,  
On whom for counsel sage they might de-  
pend:

\* A Child about six years old.

A kind reprov'er, but with all sincere,  
 Kind to the sinner, to the sin severe.  
 To speak essential truths he did not shun,  
 Not partial to the great, ———  
 A faithful Monitor and Father he,  
 For gifts unequal'd in society ;  
 A public Lab'rer, zealous for his God,  
 Who pointed sinners to the Saviour's Blood.  
 A blessed instrument thro' God hath been,  
 Of calling numbers from the paths of sin.  
 Belov'd of God, he did in God confide,  
 For " By his works his Faith was justifi'd."

Each truly Christian grace in him was found ;  
 Oh ! cruel Death, why didst thou give the  
 wound,

Why didst thou not permit his useful days ;  
 Who only liv'd to sound his Maker's praise ?

But

But ah! 'tis nature speaks, let Faith arise  
 And view the Saint ascending to the skies;  
 His Lord for glory made his servant meet,  
 Then call'd him hence to worship at his feet,  
 Hark! how the Heav'nly Choir began to  
 sing,

A song of praise, when WATKINS enter'd in.  
 To see another of the blood-bought race,  
 Return'd from sorrow, glory to embrace.  
 But oh! what extacies his soul possess'd,  
 When he beheld the glories of the blest'd!  
 When he beheld, without a veil between,  
 What once as through a glass was darkly  
 seen!

His glorious Lord, in all his God-like  
 charms!

And heard him, bid him welcome to his  
 arms.

“ Come

“ Come my belov’d by purchase thou art  
mine,

“ Be Life, eternal Life for ever thine.”

Thus fares the Saint, who while he dwelt  
below,

A world of sin and pain and grief did know,

Now he beholds among the ransom’d few,

Those whom he lately in the body knew,

Who just before him gain’d the happy shore,

With joy they meet their Jesus to adore.

No nonessentials there the Saints dispute,

Nor will they wish each other to confute,

Their only strife, who loudest shall proclaim

The matchless glory of the slaughter’d Lamb

Who has redeem’d us by his precious Blood

And made us Kings, and Priests, and sons of

God\*.

Children of God, who now the body wear,

Are not your hearts now panting to be there?

\* Rev. i. 5, 6.

Are

Are not your very inmost souls on fire,  
Thus to be chanting with the heav'nly choir?  
Your spirit thus releas'd and soar away,  
To dwell with WATKINS in eternal day.  
Who would not like our lov'd EUSEBIUS die  
Who when he found his dissolution nigh,  
More than a conq'rour thro' his Saviour's  
Blood; could he have said of more than I  
Could say, "my life is hid with CHRIST in  
God!"  
Commending all to JESU's special grace,  
He sweetly bow'd his dying head in peace.  
Oh! why should we the death of Saints  
Deplore  
And mourn as tho' they dy'd to live no  
more?  
Henceforth forbear to weep, but strive to  
raise  
Our feeble pow'rs in God our Saviour's  
praise. But



But tho' each Christian's heart might well  
rejoice,

When thus by death they hear their sove-  
reign's voice,

Let careless finners, aliens from their God,  
Who never knew the worth of Jesu's Blood,  
With horror tremble, when in tender love  
They hear the Saviour call his Saints above:

For when the last \* elect is gather'd in  
Adieu! to all the advocates for sin,  
Adieu! to ev'ry pleasure, sport, and game,  
Except they find them in the gen'ral flame,  
Then those who oft the good have vilify'd,  
Shall be by God eternally deny'd.

When WATKINS in the number of the just,  
Shall find admittance, with a "Come ye  
blest,"

"Enter the Kingdom, I prepar'd for you,  
"Ere earth or sea their first existence knew.

\* Matth. xx. iv. 31.

On the Death of the Author's Mother,  
 Mrs. CAVE, of BRECON, who died  
 Feb. 6, 1777.

*And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write,  
 Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from  
 henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest  
 from their Labours; and their works do follow them.*

Rev. xiv. 13.

'TIS done,—'tis GOD has call'd her—I  
 submit,

And humbly own that best which he thinks  
 fit.

But ah! when first I heard the direful news,  
 My wounded soul all comfort did refuse,  
 I heard—I felt—I sunk beneath the stroke,  
 With very grief my vital spirits broke.

I view'd the dear lov'd face, consign'd to  
 death,

And

And heard her blefs me, with her parting  
breath.

My heart was full, and in my grief I cry'd,  
Oh ! that I had with my dear Mother dy'd ;

A thousand of her soft endearing words  
Flew to my mind, and pierc'd my heart like  
fwords.

She gave me birth, and more than twenty  
years,

I've been the object of her anxious cares.

Through helpless infancy ſhe ſav'd from  
harms,

And nurs'd, and bore me in her tender arms.

She ſympathiz'd in all my pain and grief,

And would have borne it all for my relief.

And is that precious life for ever o'er ?

And ſhall I know maternal love no more ?

In vain this vaſt terrestrial ball I trace,

I view no more that lovely, deareſt face :

No more her tender, Chriſtian letters ſee,

Nor hear how oft ſhe wept, and pray'd for me.

O worst of days, that has bereft of life,  
So dear a Mother, and so lov'd a Wife.

Where shall I go to ease my burthen'd heart?  
Where find a friend, who'll with me bear a  
part?

Alas! there's none—O let me weep and sigh!  
I'll mourn, and wail my loss until I die!

Thus Nature felt, and spoke; for Reason  
fled,  
And Faith, and Hope, lay bury'd with the  
dead;

But there's a GOD, a never-failing friend,  
Whose pity, love, and goodness know no end:  
I knew him such, I to his footstool flew,  
And found his promises were firm and true.  
He heard my sad complaint, he gave relief,  
And bad me rise superior to my grief.

Hush—Nature—then I cry'd, nor more  
complain,

She only left a world of grief and pain,

To

To enter mansions of eternal rest,  
 To live, and reign with God for ever blest.  
 How patient in affliction, how resign'd,  
 How meet for glory was her peaceful mind !  
 She welcom'd Death, and said, *L O R D,*  
*quickly come,*

*And take me hence, I long to be at home.*

She blest her house, and bid them cease to  
 weep,

Then, with a smile, in CHRIST, she fell  
 asleep.

Hail then, dear Saint, in thy immortal joy !

In bliss superlative, without alloy.

Live with thy God, nor let my partial mind  
 E'er with thy stay from joys so unconfin'd ;

But let my grateful heart in praise ascend }

To that all-gracious, all-victorious friend, {

Who guided, lov'd, and kept thee to the {  
 end.



---

## EPIGRAMS.

---

On a YOUNG MAN, who died Three Days  
after he was married.

**A**LL flesh is grass—Important truth!  
Nor dare we boast of health or youth,  
The nuptial bed I scarce had trod,  
Ere summon'd forth to meet my God,  
Compell'd to leave my weeping Bride,  
Sunk from her tender arms, and dy'd.

Another



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 101

Another, On a YOUNG LADY.

**B**EHOLD ye thoughtless young and gay,  
What I am now, ye shortly may.  
I preach whilst here I mould'ring lie,  
And this my text—*Prepare to die!*

---

Another, On an AMIABLE WIFE.

**S**HE's gone!—The dear companion of  
my bed,  
And with her ev'ry earthly bliss is fled;  
An empty world is all I now can boast,  
With her my ev'ry wish and joy was lost.

---

P O E M S  
ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

---

On hearing the Rev. Mr. R———d read  
the Morning Service, and preach in  
ST. THOMAS'S Church, WINCHESTER.

WHEN plac'd within the consecrated  
Isle,

In pensive solitude I sat awhile ;

At length with all the grace that Heav'n in-  
spires,

All that solemnity the Church requires,

Began

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 103

Began the sacred order of the day :

The Reverend R———D, did each truth  
convey,

With such an emphasis as must impart

A sacred pleasure to each pious heart,

With such a cadence he dismiss'd each clause,

As shou'd enforce a GOD's eternal laws.

Not as some Priests, who run o'er ev'ry  
pray'r,

As tho' no truth, or soul, or GOD were there.

The giddy hearer enters gay and vain,

And unaffected leaves the Church again ;

While lesser truths deliver'd on the stage,

Or even fictions, will each mind engage,

Because the player labours through his part,

To claim attention, and affect the heart.

If in a tragic character he moves,

And treats of deaths, or disappointed loves,

Then

Then all the horrors consequent on death,  
Dart from his eyes, and speak in ev'ry breath.  
Does he th' afflicted lover personate,  
Then all that softer passion can create,  
Solicitude—love—anguish—grief—despair,  
Yea ev'ry sigh, and languid look is there,  
'Till each spectator's eyes with tears o'erflow,  
And thus concludes this scene of fancy'd woe.

But truth's eternal, sacred, and divine,  
Where goodness, majesty, and justice shine;  
Yea truths on which our future hopes de-  
pend,

Truths which the most exalted mind tran-  
scend;

That awful tragedy in which a God

Pray'd, agoniz'd, and bath'd the ground  
with blood;

That tragedy from which the Sun withdrew,  
Nor wou'd his crucifying Maker view;

That

That love,—stupendous love,—surpassing  
thought,

Which paid our ransom, tho' so dearly  
bought.

These truths sublime the audience coldly  
hear,

Nor ever deign to drop a feeling tear;

While at the play each bosom heaves a sigh,

Lo! in the Church unmov'd they sit,—But  
why?

The Priest to whom the Embassy is giv'n;

Who is the high Ambassador of Heav'n,

Treats sacred truth with cold indifference,

As tho' 'twere fiction, or impertinence.

Celestial themes, that move a Seraph's lyre,

Droop on his tongue, and on his lips expire;

While the wise Actor aims by his address,

Each fiction as undoubted truth t'impres.

Would



Would those Divines, whom love canno  
induce,

Whose languid hearts no ardor can diffuse,  
(Whose feet, perhaps, the church wou'd  
ne'er frequent,

If not inspir'd by her emolument),

Would even gain instruction from the stage,  
By any means their audience to engage.

Left months and years should run their am-  
ple round,

And when the Master comes, no fruit be  
found.

No prodigal brought home, no sin subdu'd,  
No Saint advanc'd in grace, nor mind re-  
new'd.

All's barren ground, when an incens'd God,  
Will from the Priest require his people's  
blood.

An



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 107

AN HYMN in Time of OPPOSITION.

O LORD a poor despised few,  
Once more together meet ;  
Distill on each thy heav'nly dew,  
And lay us at thy feet.

May each as the elect of God,  
Bowels of mercy know ;  
And as the purchase of thy blood,  
In all thy foot-steps go.

Give us thy spirit, gentle, mild,  
To teach us, Lord, that when  
We are like thee, by man revil'd,  
Not to revile again.

And if we suffer for thy cause,  
O let us not repine,

But

But simply <sup>take</sup>~~take~~, and bear thy Cross,  
And prove that we are thine.

Let no opposing spirit reign,  
But let us, through thy grace,  
From all religious wars refrain,  
And follow after peace.

Thus let us by our works of love,  
Constrain our foes to say,  
“ We only seek our home above,  
And tread the narrow way.”

---

Another HYMN.

COME thou all prevailing Spirit,  
Come and teach me how to pray,  
Intercede for JESU's merit,  
Wash and take my sins away.

How

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 109

How much need of that atonement,

Hath a guilty soul like me?

Who am not one fleeting moment,

From some sinful passion free.

Sin, where e'er I go, I find it,

Find it woven in my heart;

To thy cross, O Jesus! bind it,

Sin destroy, and grace impart:

Sin, like weeds, for ever springing,

Doth the soil throughout defile;

All my life's a life of sinning,

Oh! I'm viler than the vile.

Yes, I sin in ev'ry action,

Sin in ev'ry word and thought;

I can't pray without distraction,

Sin, on all I do is wrote.

When I to my closet enter,

Seeking peace, in Jesu's blood,

L

Swift,

Swift, as thought, intrudes the Tempter,  
Drives, or draws, my heart from God.

Thus while I am prostrate lying,  
While my lips, in pray'r move,  
While, with seeming ardour crying,  
For redemption, from above ;  
Lo ! I find, at that dread instant,  
My vain heart is rov'd away,  
Wander'd off, on something distant,  
And my lips alone do pray.

Then abash'd, I silent wonder,  
Why is such a rebel spar'd ?  
Why not cast amongst that number,  
In eternal chains reserv'd ?  
Then with shame and joy confounded,  
I exult in sovereign grace,  
Grace which hath to me abounded,  
Me, the worst of ADAM's race.

Lord,

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. iii

Lord, if I forget to praise thee,  
Let my tongue forget to move;  
JESU, to thy likeness raise me,  
Let me all thy goodness prove;  
Let my guilt be now absolved,  
My whole nature sanctify,  
Lord, I long to be dissolved,  
Make me meet, and let me die.

---

On the First GENERAL FAST after the  
Commencement of the late War.

**W**HEN direful judgments pour in like  
flood,

And fields, alas! are drench'd with human  
blood,

When armies after armies prostrate lie,  
And brother, by his brother's hand must die,



When kingdoms seem to rise, or empire  
fall,

One great Omnipotent conducts it all;  
And those have but a superficial scan,  
Who view no higher origin than Man.

Be still, methinks I hear JEHOVAH cry,  
Be still before your God, and know 'tis I!  
'Tis I make peace, and I create stern war,  
And ride to battle in my flaming car,  
I guide the bullet, point the glitt'ring sword  
Defeat, or conquest, wait my awful word.  
But do I pleasure in destruction take,  
Or have your sins not bid the sword awake?  
Do not a nation's sad offences call  
For national calamities to fall?

Great Sov'reign Lord, we own thy judg-  
ments just,

And hide our guilty faces in the dust;

Rejoice



ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 113

Rejoice to hear a day is sanctify'd  
T' implore thy aid, and humble BRITAIN'S  
pride.

But may we not in this incur the rod,  
And make a solemn mockery of God?  
T' abstain from food, to take our prayer-  
books,

And walk to church with evangelic looks;  
To bend the knee, or move the lips in  
pray'r,

If all the heart be not engaged there,  
Is empty shew, a poor external part,  
While GOD, the Omniscient GOD, demands  
the heart;

And should we fail in this grand sacrifice,  
The whole will be offensive in his eyes.

Descend, celestial dove, with holy fire,  
And pure devotion ev'ry soul inspire.

May vital pray'r, express'd by ardent sighs,  
 Ascend to God, and penetrate the skies.  
 Let all the nation thus with fasting turn,  
 And heart sincere, their past transgressions  
 mourn;

Then is eternal truth engag'd to bless,  
 And crown our just petitions with success.

---

The Author being requested on a Sunday  
 Evening, by a Company of gay Ladies, to  
 write a few Lines of POETRY instantane-  
 ously, she accordingly presented them  
 with the following.

**W**HEN you, good Ladies, <sup>bade</sup> me write,  
 My drowsy Muse had <sup>take</sup> ~~took~~ her flight,  
 But ere she reach'd her mossy bed,  
 I gave a call, and back she fled.

I humbly

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 115

I humbly ask'd her what to say,  
She answer'd—"On a sabbath day,  
" If you presume to write a line,  
" Be careful that it is divine,  
" For know that ev'ry word and thought  
" Shall be to strictest judgment brought,  
" And what is now transacted here,  
" Shall to unnumber'd worlds appear;  
" When Earth shall from her center fly,  
" And stars desert the blazing sky,  
" When frightened souls in vain shall call  
" For rocks and hills on them to fall.  
" Then let this day and night be spent,  
" As in that day you'll not repent."

A Poem,

A Poem, occasioned by hearing prophane  
Curfing and Swearing.

**A**ND can we wonder, if the sword  
Is plung'd in Brothers blood?  
If threat'ning vengeance flies around  
From a tremendous God.

When daring finners thus presume  
His anger to provoke,  
When daily with impunity  
His dread command is broke.

What hath eternal truth declar'd,  
None guiltless shall remain,  
Who swears by ought in Heav'n or Earth,  
Or takes his name in vain.

Yet imprecations fill our streets,  
And bold blasphemers dare

Invoke

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 117

Invoke damnation from above,

And by JEHOVAH swear.

Their impious breath pollutes the air,

Omnipotence defies,

Compels a long forbearing God,

In judgment to rise.

What! trifle with that sacred name,

Whose goodness gives us breath!

Or Justice smites our feeble frame,

And chains us down in Death.

Will not incensed Majesty

In vengeance lift his hand,

And bid deserved judgments fall.

On such a guilty land.

O when will sinners cease from sin,

And call for blessings down?

Then shall the sword be sheath'd again,

And laurels deck the crown.

On



On the Departure of Six Missionaries to  
AMERICA, soon after the Death of the  
Rev. Mr. W.

WHEN once the soul, arising from the  
dead,  
Drinks the new wine, and eats the living  
bread,  
It thirsts, it pants, it prays, for all to taste  
This heav'nly banquet, this celestial feast.  
The blest ambition this, the pray'r of these,  
Who brave the dangers of the boist'rous  
seas.

Go heralds, go! and may the God of  
peace

Go with you—guide you—strengthen you  
with grace.

Lo!

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 119

Lo! we commend you to his special care!  
Go forth in confidence, your Lord is near.  
Nor rocks, nor seas, nor raging billows  
dread,

His potent shield shall screen each favour'd  
head.

Think how the winds and seas his voice  
obey'd

Your sov'reign Lord! be not by ought dis-  
may'd;

And whilst on board, may JESUS be your  
guide,

In calmest seas, and o'er the roughest tide.  
So shall each soul 'cross the broad deep sur-  
vive,

Till at the port desir'd ye all arrive.

There, like young champions from great  
W—— sprung,

Fly round, and gain for CHRIST a num'rous  
throng!

W——

W—— called thousands, Jesus to adore !

But may you call ten thousand thousands  
more !

Go forth like DAVID, with your sling and  
stone,

And bear the world, and sin, and SATAN

down,

Fight on courageous for your Saviour God,

Nor e'er recoil—attest the truth to blood.

Stand firm, nor fear tho' men, for Devils

frown,

Endure the Cross, and wear the Heav'nly

Crown.

O blest Americans, how well might ye

Exult with utmost joy, whilst pensive we

Sit sorrowing here, and each to each deplore

Our absent friends perhaps to meet no more.

O blessed God ! do thou our grief sustain,

And let us know we have not heard in vain.

Their

Their faithful exhortations bring to mind,  
 And teach us to revere these left behind.  
 And when this transitory life is past,  
 O may we meet around thy throne at last.  
 There, fill'd with love, our gracious God  
         adore,  
 And weep, and sigh, and part with friends  
         no more!

---

On hearing the TOLLING of a BELL, in a  
 very unhealthy Spring, when great Num-  
 bers were carried off.

**W**HAT do I hear—or fancy that I  
         hear?

(As long accustom'd to the doleful sound)

The tolling of yon melancholy bell!

Which has for weeks and months incessantly

M

Some

Some dreadful story in my ears proclaim'd,  
And with repeated strokes alarm'd the town !

Alas ! 'tis more than fancy——Hark it  
strikes !

Yea, more in language most emphatical  
It speaks—My inmost soul with horror fills.  
What does the dread but true informer say ?  
What doth it intimate or what declare ?

Not that some valiant chief, mighty in  
arms,

Returns, with honour and with conquest  
crown'd :

Nor that a noble heir is lately born,  
Whose birth makes joyful his glad parents  
hearts,

And proves perhaps a bliss to future days :

Nor that the nuptial knot has just been ty'd  
Between some happy pair, who mutually

Agree, to spend their future days in love's

Em-



Embrace—Nor is it what wou'd be less  
pleasing,

That some intolerable woe is near,  
If an expedient be not quickly found  
T'avert, or dissipate th' impending stroke;  
For were it thus, each may allay his grief,  
And with a peradventure quell the sigh.  
But ah ! it leaves us not one glimpse of hope,  
More than portention in its voice is heard.  
It tells us that the fatal dart is fled,  
Lodg'd in the vitals, in the heart, or  
head,  
Of some one of the race of fallen Adam :  
And that an awful separation's made,  
The spirit forc'd from her clay tenement,  
Prepar'd, or unprepar'd, away she's fled,  
To stand before the heart, rein-trying God.  
And now her die eternally is cast  
In sad perdition, or in endless bliss.

In vain ten thousand arts would now combine,

Ten thousand briny show'rs be pour'd in  
vain,

Or all the treasures of the Indies brought,  
To make the soul resume her wonted seat,  
Or actuate th' inanimated clay.

Such is the conquest, such the pow'r of  
death,

Who daily some new trophy doth erect,  
To shew how universally he reigns.

O thou inimitable King of Terrors !

Shall none escape from thy voracious jaws,

But wilt thou still continue to destroy,

Nor heed what age, what quality, or sex?

The tender babe, the great, the wise, the  
good,

The hoary head, the mean, the weak, the  
vile,

Are

Are all by thee, alike, reduc'd to dust !  
 Destruction is essential to thy nature,  
 And formidable is thy very name.

But oh ! my soul why ragest thou at death ?  
 He is but the vicegerent of his God.  
 Nor did he ever give the mortal wound,  
 Until the fatal mandate had been seal'd,  
 And sent from the tremendous court of  
 Heav'n :

And then, indeed, obsequious to his God,  
 And deaf to all the cries of sinful man,  
 At once he executes the dread command.

'Tis Heav'n's decree, since thy first parents  
 fin'd,

(And dost thou at the just decree repine ?)

That ev'ry soul of man should pass thro'  
 death.

So, if thou tracest matters to their source,  
 That monster Sin was the efficient cause

Of all calamities, of ev'ry death ;  
Of that for which I now hear yonder knell,  
Which brings this secret horror o'er my  
heart.

Sinner awake, the deathly signal hear,  
Regard it as a monitor to thee !

A gracious call, a special voice from Heav'n !  
But ah ! Death's visits now so frequent are ;  
Men laugh at Death, and lightly of him  
deem !

Tho' dead in sin, and enemies to God,  
They think to meet him with an air of  
triumph ;

Nor ever dream, that, at his dread approach,  
Ten thousand horrors will at once awake !

Conscience, tho' stifled till that very moment,  
Will like some potent prince victorious rise,  
And act the part for which it was design'd.

Open the book of records, and arrange

In

In dread array\* before the sinner's mind,  
Ten thousand times ten thousand past trans-  
gressions !

Which had for years as in oblivion laid,  
(Then blacken'd with the thought of slighted  
grace,)

Will all appear—distract the guilty mind,  
And drive the frantic soul to deep despair.

Then with a fearful looking for of death,  
She dies—and sinks into the dark abyss,  
Nor ever knows a period to her pains.

For still, and still, and still, 'tis “wrath to  
come !”

O then vain man, “work while 'tis call'd  
to-day,”

Bethink thyself, before it be too late,  
Fall quickly to soliloquy, and say——

Am I not mortal, like my fellow-creatures ?

\* A law term, as well as military.

And



And can I call one inch of time my own,  
Or boast myself in the approaching hour ?  
With great celerity my moments fly,  
Surely my days will shortly find a period !

Suppose it now !—Bring Death's pale aspect near,

See him and his concomitants advance !  
Fancy the well aim'd arrow on the wing,—  
Sev'ring thy soul from all terrestrial things !  
To stand before the great tremendous Judge,  
Whose piercing eye hath taken cognizance  
Of ev'ry thought, and word, and act, unjust,  
By thee committed, but by thee forgot !  
Lo ! the minutest has not miss'd his notice,  
Nor slip't the mind of the eternal all.

How stands thy soul affected at the  
thought ?

Ah ! is there not a something that recoils

And

And wishes to postpone the fatal hour ?  
 This argues all is not aright within :  
 And that if death should find thee as thou  
 art.

Thou wouldst not die, as doth a bird, or  
 beast,

Who are annihilated at their death,  
 But dying, die, and die, and never die.  
 O then redeem thy time, to JESUS fly,  
 With speed take shelter in his bleeding  
 wounds,

Who only takes away Death's poignant sting  
 And turns the ghastly monster to a friend.  
 Make sure thy int'rest in the bleeding lamb,  
 Nor let him rest, until he speaks thee peace,  
 Then come whatever may, come life or  
 death,

To live will then be CHRIST, to die be gain.  
 Death will be more desir'd by thy soul,  
 Than

Than all the honours that the world bestows;  
 For by his friendly hand thou'lt part with sin,  
 And from a world of sorrow, grief, and pain,  
 To the immediate presence of thy God.  
 There bask in seas of uncreated bliss !  
 In extacies to worms on earth unknown !  
 With Angels and Arch-angels, sweetly join,  
 To sing the praises of a Triune God.

---

An HYMN for CONSECRATION, sung  
 at the Opening of the Countess of *Hun-*  
*tingdon's* Chapels in *Brecon, Worcester, &c.*

COME JESUS ! come, and bless this place !  
 'Tis open'd in thy name ;  
 Descend with show'rs of heav'nly grace,  
 And consecrate the same.

Eternal

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. 131

Eternal God, our pray'r attend,

Diffuse thy love around :

As to the burning-bush, descend,

And make it holy ground !

Bid each the man of sin put by !

As Moses did of old

His shoes put off, when he drew nigh,

Thy glory to behold.

Lord, let thy glory fill this place,

Yea fill each sinner's heart :

Come thou incarnate Prince of Peace,

And never more depart.

---

In vain we are assembl'd here,

If JESUS does not come :

Appear, thou bleeding Lamb, appear,

Let ev'ry heart make room !

Within

Within these walls let thousands, Lord,  
Thro' grace be born of thee ;  
And in this place thy name record  
'Till time no more shall be.

Now, Saviour, now thy work begin,  
Thy potent arm display :  
Let some poor rebel dead in sin  
Be made alive to-day !

Call some poor wand'rer by thy grace,  
Who knew thee not before :  
So shall we bless thee for this place  
When time shall be no more.

---

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS.

**A**WAKE each heart, rejoice and sing,  
Salute the morn that CHRIST our King,  
Affumes



Assumes our flesh and blood ;  
Sinners, 'twas life for you and me,  
When CHRIST partook our misery,  
All hail the Saviour GOD !

IMMANUEL is the Saviour's name,  
Yes GOD with us, O glorious theme !  
Shout, shout the news abroad,  
With speed the wond'rous tidings tell,  
A GOD descends with Man to dwell !  
All hail the babe, the GOD !

The great I AM, who all things made,  
The world's stupendous pillars laid ;  
Earth trembles at his nod :  
Him whom eternal ages crown'd,  
Is as an helpless infant found :  
All hail the Saviour GOD !

O wond'rous! O amazing love!  
Which brought the Saviour from above;  
    'Twas he the vine press trod!  
His church's sins on him were laid,  
And he the mighty debt hath paid:  
    All hail the babe, the GOD!

Bid Satan, self, and sin depart,  
Bid JESUS welcome to your heart,  
    He bore your wond'rous load;  
In him the father's reconcil'd,  
Well pleas'd alone in Mary's child,  
    All hail the Saviour GOD!

In grateful songs your voices raise,  
From sea, to sea, resound his praise,  
    Give, give the Saviour laud;  
All Heav'n astonish'd stands, that he  
Should deign the son of man to be,  
    To make us sons of GOD.

On

On the GENERAL FAST,

*February 8, 1782.*

OMNIPOTENT eternal all,  
By whom states rise or empires fall,  
Whose potent word creates a world,  
Or bids it be to atoms hurl'd.

Lord of all Lords, and King of Kings,  
Beginning, center, end of things;  
Fountain of light, of life, and love,  
Through worlds below, and worlds above.

Wond'rous I AM, mysterious word,  
Who canst, or draw, or sheath the sword.  
We reptiles, who of dust are made,  
Presume to supplicate thy aid.

To thee we dedicate this day,  
To mourn for sin, to fast and pray !  
Thy wond'rous works of old declare  
The great effects of fervent pray'r.

Does Moses but in spirit groan,  
Lo! it prevails before thy throne.  
The boist'rous waves at once divide,  
And form a wall on either side.

Again he lifteth up his hands,  
Israel a conqu'ring army stands :  
But when his fervent spirit fails,  
They fall, and Amaleck prevails.

The Ninevites its influence knew,  
And jointly to thy footstool flew :  
They mourn, they fast, to Heav'n they cry,  
And turn th' impending judgment by.

May

May we like them confess our sin,  
The renovating work begin,  
Timely avert thy vengeful rod,  
And Jacob-like prevail with God!

Our land, our sinking land protect,  
Our king and senators direct;  
Our fleets preserve, our armies bless,  
And bid the nation shout success.

Our foes, our envious foes annoy,  
And all their impious plots destroy.  
Let peace her wish'd for banner spread,  
And laurels deck our sov'reign's head.



On hearing the Rev. Mr. B—— from

PSALM 65, 2.

*O thou that hearest Prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.*

WITH calm attention lo! I heard,  
 My heart the sage divine rever'd,  
 While he with holy zeal explain'd  
 The gracious words his text contain'd.  
 I'll bid the muse the theme prolong,  
 And form the substance in a song.

To God the Lord shall man repair  
 By public and by private pray'r;  
 Thus humbly his dependance own  
 On thee, thou infinite, unknown.  
 Where two or three are met in pray'r,  
 Lo! God has promis'd to be there;

He's

He's there a present help to bless,  
Crown each petition with success,  
Or in his wiser way our wants redress.

If warm'd by pure devotion's fire,  
We to our closet should retire,  
There, unperceiv'd by human eye,  
Pour forth to God our plaintive cry,  
Or send before the throne a contrite sigh,  
Lo! he'll on wings of love descend,  
And to our various wants attend.

Here we may get our hearts renew'd,  
And each unruly lust subdu'd :

Here virtue draw from JESU's blood,  
And hold sweet intercourse with God :

Here we may all our griefs reveal,  
Nor one beloved sin conceal ;

For, e'er we speak, Omniscience knows  
What all our words and tears disclose ;

Then

Then some celestial cordial gives,  
And lo! the contrite sinner lives.

Not all the wealth the Indies own,  
Crowns or the most exalted throne,  
Shou'd counterpoise the bliss of pray'r,  
When God is by his presence there.  
In pray'r seraphic joys we find,  
Which quite transform the earthly mind.  
The man who always, ere he pray'd,  
From the bright path of duty stray'd,  
Lo! now he gladly runs therein,  
And hates the garments stain'd by sin.

This change is in himself alone,  
For changes are to God unknown,  
(Fixt as his own eternal name)  
To-day and yesterday's the same:  
With endless glory to reward  
Each humble follower of the Lord;

And

And fixt his purpose to disdain  
 The soul who will in sin remain,  
 Who flights the offers of his grace,  
 And never bows to seek his face.

As soon may man by air exist,  
 Or brutes without their food subsist;  
 The feather'd warblers live in floods,  
 Or the finn'd tribes amid the woods;  
 As soon may Satan burn with love,  
 Or God a fount of envy prove,  
 As shall the soul to heav'n ascend,  
 Who without pray'r his days shall end.

When man has misimprov'd his time,  
 And spent his youth, and health, and  
     prime,  
 Only his God to disobey,  
 When Death advances, he may pray,  
 But then his pray'r may be in vain,  
 God justly may his suit disdain;

He

He may, 'tis true, his grace extend,  
And ev'n in death commence his friend:  
So let the dying not despair,  
But oh! let all the living fear;  
For on an awful chance depends  
A world of blifs that never ends.  
God may accept—and he may not—  
He may thy name for ever blot  
Out of his book of life divine,  
And thy sad soul to Hell consign.

Then form your hearts in health to pray,  
Nor let appearances dismay  
Your seeking souls:—Tho' good men lie  
On beds of languishment, and die,  
And tho' the wicked seem to rise  
On tow'ring pinions to the skies,  
Think not the just has no reward,  
Or is forgotten by his Lord,

Or



Or that his wrath does not remain  
 On those who do his grace disdain :  
 The wicked lives but to fulfil  
 The direful measure of his ill ;  
 Each day still makes the sinner worse,  
 And life by sin becomes a curse ;  
 The greater his iniquity,  
 The more his punishment will be.  
 The good man dies, leaves earth and pain,  
 A crown of glory to obtain ;  
 And if thro' life God try'd his grace,  
 'Twas but his glory to increase.

Let man before his God be still,  
 Pray with submission to his will :  
 If what we ask be for our good,  
 'Twill not be by our Lord withstood ;  
 But if he e'er our suit denies,  
 'Twas wrong—for he's immensely wise.

Nature

Nature wou'd ask for health and rest,  
When pain and sickness may be best,  
Our drossy nature to refine;—  
If so, be pain and sickness mine.  
The chast'ning rod I'll ne'er despise,  
'Tis a rich blessing in disguise.

Be thus resign'd and passive found,  
In works of holiness abound.  
Let ev'ry word, and work, and thought,  
Be into strict obedience brought;  
But here beware of a mistake,  
Lest that be fatal which you make.  
Think not by this thy Heav'n to gain,  
Or all thy righteousness is vain;  
Nought but a Saviour's precious blood  
Can give thy soul access to God;  
Nought but his spotless righteousness,  
(And not thy works) must be thy dress.

'Twas

'Twas he that first thy soul inspir'd,  
 Thy heart with pure devotion fir'd ;  
 He gave thee faith, and faith's increase,  
 Purchas'd thy pardon, seal'd thy peace,  
 And bid thee live and grow in grace. }  
 He is the first, and he alone  
 The last, the great, and corner stone ;  
 Who builds upon this rock shall stand,  
 Who builds without it, builds on sand,  
 And be his fabrick ne'er so tall,  
 'Twill in the day of trial fall.

Then wou'd you live and learn to die,  
 Live holy, yet your works decry ;  
 And only hope a seat above,  
 Thro' boundless grace and dying love.

## INGRATITUDE.

**I**NGRATITUDE—thou fin accurst,  
Of ev'ry fin pronounc'd the worst;  
Detested weed, where e'er thou'rt found  
Infernal poison swells the ground.

Christians, who at perfection aim,  
Or to its sacred heights attain,  
God-like in all they act or say,  
Injuries with kindneses repay.

Heathens, who led by nature's rays,  
Nor ever blest with gospel days,  
By nature's dictates understood,  
'Twere just to render good for good.

Brutes, that of reason ne'er possess,  
Can act no higher than a beast,  
Led by their own revengeful will,  
Will doubtless render ill for ill.

But

But thou accurst, where e'er thou art,  
Conscience will know and point the dart;  
Thou who repayest *good* with *evil*,  
Art only equal'd by the Devil.

---

An HYMN for a CHILD who has lost its  
FATHER or MOTHER.

O Thou who once didst children bless,  
And take them in thy arms,  
Defend the infant fatherless,  
And guard my feet from harms.

Thou canst the loss of friends supply,  
And turn to good each ill;  
Tho' ev'ry friend should fail or die,  
Thou art all gracious still.



Thy wisdom and thy pow'r I own,  
For all thy ways are just;  
The prince thou raisest to his throne,  
Or lay'st him down in dust.

May I obey thy sacred word  
In these my infant days;  
Grow up in all things like my Lord,  
And learn to lip his praise.

So shall I find thy promis'd rest,  
When this frail life is o'er,  
And meet in my dear Saviour's breast  
My friends fled hence before.

LOVE,

L O V E,

The ESSENCE of RELIGION.

**N**OT every one who crieth Lord,  
Or hear, or pray, or preach thy word,  
Wilt thou in God-like accents own,  
Or hail as partners of thy throne.

What if this sect or that I join,  
Believe my party most divine,  
Vain will my warmest notions prove,  
If absent from my heart, thy love.

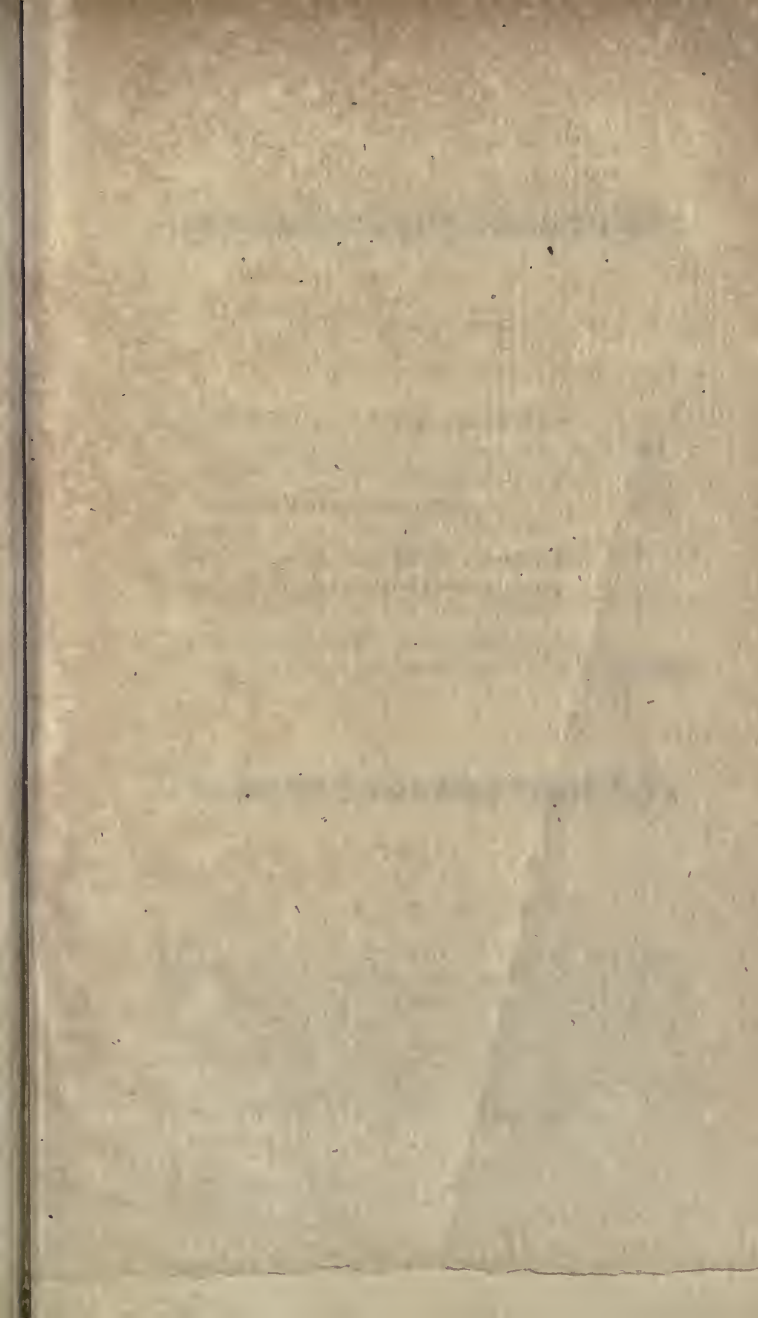
What if with Calvin I agree,  
Or to Arminian doctrines flee,  
I still remain a child of sin,  
If love does not preside within.

Let

Let bigots for the shell contend,  
 In idle controversies spend  
 Their precious time, who zealots fire  
 And notions (not thy love) inspire.

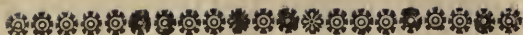
With me let names and parties fall,  
 Thy love, my sov'reign God, my all;  
 The substance this:—Of this possess,  
 'Mid flaming worlds I stand confest.

F I N I S.









## E R R A T A.

- ~~Page 8, Line 2, *for tears, read tares*  
64, last Line, *for Inæther, read In æther*  
78, Line 6, *for propogate, read propagate*  
83, *for 1781, read 1771.*  
108, Line 1, *for talk, read take*  
109, Line 4, *for simple, read sinful*  
114, Line 2, *for took, read tak'n*  
Line 7, *for bid, read bade*  
120, Line 10, *for the, read tho'*  
124, Line 13, *for vexatious, read voracious*~~



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